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The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older.
Date of publication is 3/17/15.

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STRICTLY SPEAKING

The explosive growth of the kink-identified community has led to some very ugly behavior, particularly toward submissive women who too often find themselves the objects of unwanted advances, at the very least, and outright physical assault at the worst.

There is no easy solution to the predator plague, but one thing that certainly does not help is politicizing the issue. There is the odious MRA faction that loudly insists reports of abuse are wildly exaggerated and part of a concerted attack on masculinity in all forms. There is the angry feminist faction that sees the world of BDSM as a stronghold of rape culture that silences victims and closes ranks around abusers.

Some insist that women need to be more careful about vetting potential partners and taking precautions, such as setting up safe-calls and learning self-defense. Such suggestions are rebutted with charges of victim blaming. Talk of taking matters to the police after the fact is frequently met with credible accounts of official indifference and ineptitude. A woman who agrees to be tied up naked to "play" with no intention of having sexual intercourse is not the ideal complainant when her partner ignores her signals and has his way with her. But the arguments against going to the authorities might also serve the bad guys by leaving them to strike again, and again, without fear of legal retribution.

Since the Internet became the means of choice for partner-seeking, and most of the worst episodes occur in private, it's unclear what can be done collectively. But one position that's completely untenable morally or logically is indifference. Those who insist that this problem is not our responsibility in any way, and everyone is on his or her own, are not only shirking their duties as decent citizens, they're endangering the rest of us be creating an atmosphere in which nonconsensual deeds are ignored. To the extent that our very existence is tolerated in the uncertain terrain of consensual acts with the appearance of violence, every time we look the other way when something bad actually happens we shake the foundations of that tolerance.

Thought it's not yet obvious what we should do as a community, the one thing we cannot afford to do is nothing.

—Ernest Greene, Executive Editor



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HUSTLER'S TABOO (ISSN 1099-5137) Vol. 17, No. 6, May/June 2015. Published bimonthly by LFP Publishing Group, LLC, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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I'm waiting in nothing but black stockings and a corset when Mister X shows up. I bring my own black rope. This one's got the chops, making sure the harness squeezes my tits and puffs out my pussy. He ties it off nice and tight around my middle and puts me to work, walking around him, showing myself off, squatting on the furniture for his viewing pleasure.

This one's got good hands and knows just where to put them. His fingers come out glistening and he calls me a whore. I like that. I prove myself a good one by taking his cock in my mouth and demonstrating my talents. God, he's hard. And big. I choke noisily and he just shoves it further down my throat. Dirty girls get punished, of course, so he spins me into a hog tie on the couch and smacks my ass until it burns. He slides in from the back first while I'm tied to the chair. He certainly knows what to do in there. I beg my way out of the ropes for some tricks of my own. Seeing me sucking my stocking toes and spreading my coochie for him, he puts everything to work—my hands, my feet, my mouth and my holes, pounding one orgasm after another out of me before shooting his lode down my gullet.

I might just have to see this one at least one more time. We're the perfect combination. I'm easy. He's hard.

Naturale

It Just Comes to Her

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHAS RAY





















FETISH FACTORY WORKS OVERTIME

For 19 consecutive years the organizers of South Florida's Fetish Factory have produced consistently first-rate events, and this year's was no exception. Spread out over a long weekend, it attracted the biggest crowd of kinksters yet with a schedule of events beginning with a "Beat and Greet" fetish party at The Firehouse Nightclub, followed by a late-night poolside soiree at the hotel taken over exclusively for revelers. The play areas were already in heated action prior to the blowout anniversary ball Saturday, which featured performances by Val Vampyre, Natasha, Masuimi Max, Petite Pandora and Miss Crash. Between entertainments, fashionable fetishistas shopped the vendor area and reunited with old friends to make new memories. Always a highlight on the yearly calendar, Fetish Factory will have to work hard to top this year's bash for FF #20.

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER



























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Please keep those letters coming!

xxoo Hanna

RED ALERT

As an ardent redhead fan, I have to thank you for your March/April 2015 pictorial *Bree—Earning Her Stripes*. Not only did I find Bree herself absolutely delectable, I loved the fetish costuming, especially the ballet boots, and the creative bondage. Nothing shows off marks like fair skin, and the tit-clips certainly left their share. Bree spread wide in the chair inspired many impure thoughts, but just her sultry face and perfect rack in the closing shot seemed to cry out for a good frosting. Nice in every way.

—B. Stevens, Providence, Rhode Island



SWELL IN HER CELL

The fiendish genius Lightworship really outdid himself with *Loni—Salutary Confinement* (March/April 2015). The hot flesh on cold steel bars look is always tempting, especially with the addition of strategic clamps and posture collar. Getting pretty Loni all shiny and greasy before her caning made me want to rub up against every inch of her smooth flesh, and it's a tribute to her beauty that she looks so inviting even with jaw-spreaders propping her choppers. But it was the sight of her flipped up, packed and buzzed that put me over. That's how BDSM looks in my mind to a "T". Bravo! ***—T.R., Sioux City, Iowa***

SWEET SUFFERING

Some girls just have that naturally submissive look that brings out the worst (and the best) in a dominant mind. *Aidra—Obedience School* (March/April 2015) has the perfect face and smooth, sleek body that Dom dreams are made of. She suffers the alligator clamps on her nipple flesh ever so sweetly, but the way she pleads with her eyes while suspended and pinched in her most intimate spots just invites the dirty delights to come. Bent over with her ass hooked or tied in a chair with everything on display, she's quality goods any Master would love to own.

—Paul R., Trenton, New Jersey

RIGHTEOUS RIGGING

I know *kinbaku* is all the rage these days, but it's rarely done with the kind of finesse evident in your March/April 2015 feature *Fuoco—Rhapsody in Rope*. The boob-bulging box-harness is highly flattering and the pussy zipper is fiendishly ingenious. Fuoco's suspended stuffing reminds us of why we tie girls like this in the first place, and the challenging arched hog-tie is a tribute to Fuoco's endurance as well as the artistry with which she's presented. Thanks for setting a good example for rope fanciers everywhere. ***—G.G., via e-mail***







SUBSPACE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ

TABOO'S SubSpace is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.





DEAR NINA,

I'm a 39-year-old woman married to a 31-year-old man. I met him at a club ten years ago, took him home and never looked back. Even though he's younger, I feel very submissive to him and he loves taking charge in bed. He has a fixation on enlarging my pussy, and we've worked a long time on fitting bigger and bigger dildos in me. Now I can take an eight-inch toy the circumference of a soda can. He loves how slutty it is, and I love all of the attention he pays to my parts. My question: He wants to get his dick to be as thick as the big toys I take. Is there anything he can do? Food? Pills? Pumps? I'd love to feel him hit the sides of my pussy. He's seven-and-a-half-inches long, so he's plenty big that way. It's girth we seek.

—Looking for More, Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Looking:

Congratulations on finding the right man for you. I'm going to assume your letter is serious, though I've taken a lot of strange questions in my career and this is a first. Long (or thick) story short, there are no pills that will safely and reliably make a man's dick bigger. Ditto for surgery or pumps. All are expensive and have health risks that are, in my opinion, unacceptable. In search of enlargement, men have subjected themselves to body-fat injections, implants and various other techniques, often with disastrous results.

That being said, there are various mechanical fixes available to you at your local adult store. Penis cages, which add both texture and width to the shaft, are an option. As well, there are open-ended penis sleeves that add an exterior layer or two and can be trimmed to the correct length for his erection (without his dick in the sleeve, please, lest you perform an accidental circumcision).

There are also silicone penis extenders available, into which he sticks his hard cock. These are stabilized by a silicone loop that fits behind his balls. They add both girth and length and have the benefit of textured interiors to add some fun friction for him.

He could buy a dildo harness designed for men and strap on a toy of any size to fuck you as he usually would. Some of the harness-compatible dildos for men are also hollow with internal bumps and ridges for added stimulation, providing him pleasure as well.

If you want him to hit the sides of your pussy more, just change his angle of entry by canting your pelvis higher or lower. Good luck in your search for the perfect fit.

DEAR NINA,

I'm a masochistic switch who's been in the scene for a couple of years since I became single. I have a high tolerance for pain, but a troubling psychological block prevents me from vocalizing that pain until it's almost too much. Some of this is due to how my last relationship ended. I put up walls to protect myself and try never to show vulnerability. Instead, I try to prove how tough I am until I'm no longer enjoying the sensations. I know I need to work this through, but I can't really consult a therapist. There are no kink-friendly therapists in my small town. I don't know what to do. It's getting in the way of my submission (which is a struggle in itself, since I tend to be toppy as a rule) because it keeps me too much in my head. I have just one dominant partner, and I like him a lot. We meet up twice a month to play, and I want to enjoy it more.

—Struggling With It, Bennington, Vermont

Dear Struggling:

I understand how being stuck in one's head mars the submissive experience. We want to be "in the moment" but are often found reliving past (often unpleasant) moments instead. You'll have to cobble together a "care plan" on your own with the help of your dominant partner.

Mindful masturbation is an excellent, inexpensive method to explore your boundaries and confront your issues safely. By using pleasure and orgasm to "wash away" the bad memories and replace them with positive associations, you can gradually lower your guard. This has worked very well in my own life when I, too, was getting over a bad first marriage.

The "why" of your situation is personal and only you can readily address it to your own satisfaction.

However, you can enlist your dominant partner's help in making your sex together better for both of you. If he's worthy of your time he'll want to know all he can about your mental, emotional and sexual processes. This knowledge will help him use his power more effectively to your mutual benefit and enjoyment.

Training yourself with his help to say "yellow" before it tilts to "RED!" will take some time and discipline. You'll have to act counterintuitively (and get positive reinforcement from your partner) until experience tells you it's safe to verbalize your sensations, allowing you to let go of your old pattern.

Find time to have a serious talk with your dominant partner. If it makes it easier, you can put on your collar and kneel at his knee while he sits in a chair. He should appreciate your bravery, as well as your desire to remain in role, while discussing important and sensitive topics such as your feel Your pleasure is the source of his power, and if you like him as you say you do, he's probably the kind of guy who would be horrified at the thought of pushing you past a hard limit because communication broke down between you. For both your sakes, you need to let him in on what's happening between your ears.

Let him know that you feel you're holding onto old behavior patterns that are no longer serving you and need his help in getting past them. What comes through in your letter is that you're a strong person used to coping with things on your own. As valuable as that may be in daily life, in a relationship, you have to share things you'd rather keep to yourself. I understand the fear of scaring away someone you want to keep, but I don't get the impression you'll lose him by being honest. Tell him that you need him to help you set limits. Instead of pushing your physical tolerances, you need him to be aware of your tendency to let that happen and to pull back before it does. Like many such problems, yours is about communication.

Negotiate what might go differently this time, or the next, in terms of making that connection. Try the new thing and check in again afterwards to see how it worked.

Relationships are dynamic, living creations and we tinker with them all the time. Master and I are a well-oiled team now, but in the beginning we had to talk about every little thing, every single time, for a couple of years before it became second nature to us. It was worth every effort, believe me, and it should prove worth it to you, as well.







URINATION NATION

FEATURING COURTNEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY X-LABS CHICAGO

In the dark cellar that's become home, Courtney has nothing but what the gloved man gives her. He gives her things that hurt, like the crop on her naked pussy, and things that…don't. Strung up tightly on the steel mattress strings, she knows he can work her over with cold water and a cattle prod, but instead he gives her the big vibe in just the right place, squeezing yet another bitter orgasm out of her. Naturally, since she didn't have permission, that means a solid pounding with the weighted strap on Courtney's bare backside. Her yowling gets him hard under the jeans, but not so much as when she finally breaks down and humiliatingly begs to pee. Sneering, he gives her a bottle instead of the basin. No way she won't mess up the planked floor of the pit, but when Courtney whines, he makes it worse by putting a mirror under the bottle so she can see the spilled secretions she'll have to lick up.

And yet, when he clamps her nipples and teases her hard button with the whip, Courtney's arm snakes up around his leg involuntarily, her face nuzzling against his crotch. That's a good girl. Maybe he'll let her warm up her ass with some fat beads before he fucks her there, if she puts on a good enough show for him. Maybe he'll even leave them in and fuck her cunt instead. Why not? She's already lost everything she has to lose.









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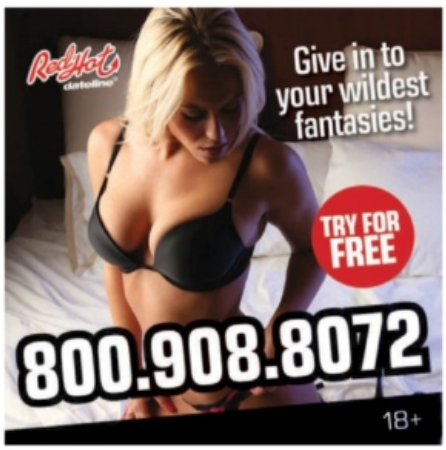
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AUBREY

VIRTUE CHASTISED

Photography by LIGHTWORSHIP





















She's far from innocent, but in her cage in her schoolgirl drag with a pleading look on her face Aubrey plays the part. Unresisting, she lets herself be led out onto the floor of their hidden "playroom" where he binds her wrists and takes his time stripping off the rest of Aubrey's costume. High heels and small panties seem at odds with her pitiful expression. She lifts her roped hands to facilitate his exploration of her most intimate anatomy. Minutes later, naked, gagged and sweating in the tight rope harness, Aubrey rubs her thighs together as he tightens the clamp across both her nipples. Her expression may be ecstatic, but not from martyrdom. The more he hurts her, the harder she'll come when allowed. This is the game they play.

Drooling and whining, Aubrey stretches out on her back, suddenly aware of the rude, thick knot in the harness just at the entrance to her rectum. He gives her just enough time to think about that before inserting the glass prod in her shaved slit and tugging hard on the tit binder. Aubrey likes to scream, but when she gets too loud he silences her with a rawhide chew toy and pulls her up short on the leash for a hard spanking, signed off with a wooden paddle. Now Aubrey takes the hard cylinder in her snatch with nothing louder than heavy breathing and a low moan. She knows what she'll get next, and no illusion of virtue will be required.











stainless steel bondage gear courtesy of www.rapturenovelties.com


WHITNEY
Table Service
Photography by Lee Forbes



UNIFORM of the day: black lace, locking collar and full steel shackles. Tarty gloves and heels enhance the bordello effect. The cold, mean steel press squeezing Whitney's tits offers them up, bulging and ready. On her knees she imagines the things that can happen to a girl in her situation. He can probably smell her dripping when he saunters to the table where he seizes Whitney's leash, pulling her nearer to pour the wine. Swollen by the pressure, her tits spill over the demi-bra for convenient groping. No lunch for him just now, but Whitney, unfed since yesterday, will receive her rations the usual way—on hands and knees with her face in the steel bowl and her ass in the air. Yes, her life's nothing if not a bowl of cherries, especially when she has to keep munching away on them while he unzips and spears her from behind without warning. Eating and fucking at the same time, Whitney feels like the livestock she is.

Tabled on her back, Whitney opens herself for the fucking to continue, only to get a cunt-searing splat of leather over her tender parts. He tenderizes the meat with a good whipping before he partakes. Just to make sure she's done on both sides, he bends Whitney over for some hard-handed butt-pounding before he takes her internal temperature with the smooth dildo. Humping on it over a plate, Whitney knows she's next on the menu. After all, she is the specialty of the house.
















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"Spread me wide
and help yourself, Sir!"
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Whitney



OVERTIME PLAY

Fiction by Ernest Greene

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE FORBES

As the office wall clock ticks toward five, Nikki rubs her thighs together under her desk, feeling the friction of her nylons and the growing humidity between her legs. She hopes it isn't too obvious how quickly her heels clack down the concrete steps of the building as she heads for her car. She doesn't want to keep Tony waiting, or herself either. Thankfully, his sleek, modern loft is nearby.

He's visibly pleased to see her in her conservative but closely fitted work clothes, as she can tell by his smile and by the bulge in his leather jeans at the sight of her. A successful architect, Tony lives in a big, fashionable, industrial loft across from the park. Nikki shudders at his hand around her throat, and at the gear arrayed on the bed. Tony has a blueprint for everything. Few words are spoken. Nikki rubs his thigh while he slides the white blouse from her shoulders. It's always so smooth and effortless with him. Nikki is down to her stockings and heels, essentially naked to the city outside the big windows, in a hot, dreamy minute.

Tony kisses her for a long time. It's not a sentimental kiss. His expert hands are already down between her legs, pulling her open front and rear with just enough insolent casualness to remind her to whom those holes belong. Making the point even more clearly, Tony buckles the ringed leather collar around her pale, slender neck. She's his property once again, his slave-meat for whatever use gives him pleasure. Like the tattoo he designed to complement the curvature of her hip and belly, and the carefully trimmed triangle of red fuzz he makes her maintain above her working parts, there's always something reminding her of his ownership.

The way he scoops her small, fair-skinned body up in his powerful arms makes her feel like the fuck-doll she'll soon be, something very different from the efficient, serious-minded paralegal her colleagues see at the firm. Here she can be her real self. Tony won't settle for less. His grip on her backside is further reminder of who lays claim to her fine ass.

Nikki loves the way he carries her and wouldn't mind some more of that, but his plans have her in the chair, lacing on her thigh-high ballet boots, toes and heels touching the floor and legs spread open as usual, on his own schedule. She likes it that it's not all about her. A tiny leather cincher and locking wrist and ankle cuffs complete Nikki's transformation from prim functionary to shamelessly slutty submissive.

The ringed straps on the big bed await her.

Down on her back, Nikki spreads wide at Tony's effortless command. She obeys out of desire rather than fear, which makes his work so much easier. Her cunt is always his ally, and it's already visibly glistening when he's got her clipped down and utterly exposed. This part is not to be hurried. He stretches out next to her, pulling her red hair back and pinching her pink nipple hard enough to extract a moan of pleasurable pain. His free hand massages her slippery lower lips with just the ring pressure, compressing her clit between her fleshy labia. He's going to hurt her there first, just to set the mood.

















No hurry at that either. Tony has several implements ready for the purpose. He concentrates directly on Nikki's pussy, first the soft, purple-suede flogger that feels more like a caress than a lashing, only to follow up with the biting cat with its narrow thongs that always make her yelp. It finds its way to the meanest spots. Daring a glance at the hard cock protruding from Tony's fly, Nikki endures the heavy flogger on her thighs. If cruelty is what gets him going, she'll have some more please.

Satisfied that she's properly tenderized, Tony drops the whip and places his mouth over Nikki's burning gash. Not as naïve as she looks, Nikki's had the oral attentions of both men and women, and none yet has tongued her so effectively.

The rude way he spits into her hole to make sure everything is well-oiled is yet another way Tony marks his territory. Sucked up into his mouth, Nikki feels the first orgasm coming on already. He makes her beg for it a bit before he lets her have it, enjoying the site of her petite, sweaty frame tugging at the restraints. Nikki makes such a cute noise when she goes over the edge. Tony loves watching her chest heave with every spasm. She's ready now without a doubt.

Fastening her ankles back toward her wrists, she's as vulnerable as he can make her, and he takes full advantage, climbing up and sliding in, enjoying every tight, little inch of her. Nikki grinds her hips against his, trying to suck him in as deeply as possible. He gropes her tits and makes her tell him what a dirty little whore she is.

Nikki's proud to be his little whore, and the dirtier the better. The thick slab splitting her slit rules her. She'll do anything to get more of it. Flipped over and snapped back into the strap rings, she hammers back at him as he penetrates her from behind. Taking a fistful of her red locks in his strong hand, he controls her motions for maximum friction. Knowing every secret spot inside her, he finds each with a knowing stroke or two. Nikki squirms and clutches at the sheet. Her feet rigidly confined in the boots, she still manages to touch his leg teasingly with the tip of a seven-inch heel. She wouldn't mind a bit if he shot his load down at her cervix right now, but he has far too much self-discipline to consume his pleasures too greedily. There are more to be had.

Allowing her yet another climax that leaves Nikki panting and gasping on, face buried in the mattress, Tony takes the crop to her smooth, peachy ass cheeks. Well schooled in such matters, he knows that redheads are more sensitive to pain, but since that's part of what Nikki comes to him for, he doesn't spare her rump the full force of each stroke. He always appreciates the way the red stripes rise almost immediately as they land. With architectural precision, he lays them on in neat rows from the upper curvatures of her pert rump to the especially tender spot where it meets her upper thighs.

Trained never to hold back her reactions, Nikki whimpers and gasps when the whipping gets harder. She can take a lot for such a delicate-looking doll. Tony remembers how stoically she gritted her way through the long, agonizing process of applying the tattoo now shining with her sweat.

Setting aside the whip and putting Nikki on her freshly lashed back, he slams his rod back into her, entering from the side this time. He wants to be able to see her stiffen, arch and writhe once more as she climbs up the peak.

This time he makes her think to earn her reward, which isn't easy in her come-drunk state. What can she offer him in return if he allows her yet another climax?

Nikki's head is clear enough to know what will get his permission the fastest. She implores him sweetly to let her finish him off with her mouth.

Who could say no to such a delectable inducement? Certainly not Tony. He lets her scream and thrash and clench his dick in her depths until she's totally spent, dripping wet inside and out, auburn locks pasted to the sides of her face as she twitches in her bonds.

Now it's time for Nikki to demonstrate her gratitude. No more the lazy pillow





princess, she's set free while Tony kicks back so she can dive on his throbbing shaft. It's a huge thing up close, and he's not shy about grabbing the back of her skull to shove it down her gullet. Nikki takes pride in her skills as fellatrix. She finds a rhythm in time to his urgings that allows her to swirl her tongue around his invading shaft with each stroke in and out. Not the least bit dainty about this process, she chokes herself, gagging and drooling when the monster taps the back of her throat. She remembers to keep her eyes open so he fully appreciates her longing to satisfy him. Her tiny hand wraps around the base of it, squeezing lightly, sliding up and down between her lips and his balls. Oh yes, she knows him as well as he knows her.

Sprawling prostrate, Nikki humbly requests a skull-fucking finale. Her eyes water and her nostrils flare as he drives into her face. Struggling to breathe each time he pulls back, perspiration beads up on her forehead, but she keeps her pink-glossed lips firmly around the steel-hard pipe stretching her jaws wide. Forming a nice, tight seal, she's determined to swallow every single drop of what's soon to spill down her gullet.

Sure enough, she feels the head bulging, the veins rippling. It isn't long before Tony's body shudders above her and he lets go, spurt after spurt of hot, thick liquid flooding Nikki's face. She makes a fine, noisy show of swallowing it all, keeping her vow not to let any of his load escape. She sucks until the very last blast puffs out her cheeks. The look of satisfaction on Tony's shiny, sopping face is her reward.

Nikki's a hardworking girl, whether at her desk or strapped to a bed. She's all the more inspired when she knows her labors are appreciated.

There are few formalities. A quick shower to wash away any evidence of her sinful delights and she's dressed again, ready for the commute home and some masturbation before bed while she remembers her after-hours adventures.

There's a weekend coming up, and Tony's promised Nikki a couple of days at a discreet dungeon-and-breakfast establishment up the coast. She'll pack light for it, knowing how little of the time she'll be dressed.

Nikki takes pride in her preparedness for the task at hand, no matter what that might entail.







Jade doesn't know if she's ready yet, but the block doesn't wait. Her number is up and she's on display with her wrists in a strapado and her tits wound throbbingly tight. Her short girdle-skirt doesn't stay on long. Plunked in the chair, bound writs to ankle, Jade's bits are presented for pinching and probing by the two men and the woman eyeing her as a prospective purchase. Yes, Jade's wet. What do they expect? She's been conditioned for this for months.

Now comes the hard part—determining how much she can take. The guy with the paddle is evil. Jade's eyes tear after a few whacks. She actually prefers the cane, especially used in conjunction with the dick-probe. Maybe a future of eating pussy might not be so bad. But when one of the men puts her on her back and orders her to show what she can do with the pole stuck in her, she knows how to close the sale. Taking the post between her stocking feet, Jade slowly, sensually fucks herself hard and deep, leg muscles pumping against the ropes. She manages to look pitiful even while she's coming on the floor in her biting body harness.

He's hooked. Jade does not come cheap, but she comes pretty. Putting out his money, he grabs his new property by the rope harness and drags her away, still bound for easy use. Jade expects to get plenty of that. It's what she's built for.


Jade
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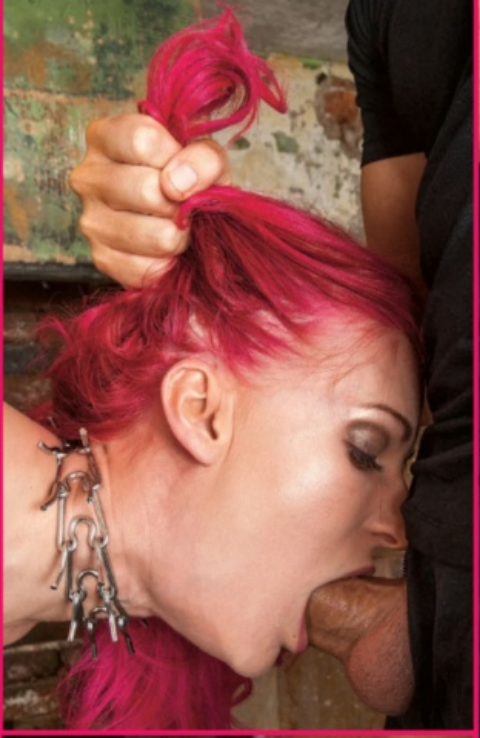
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Alexxa takes her slavery hard, which is how Lee gives it to her, putting her on her back on the stone flagging to hold up a sheet of glass for his aperitif as if she were human furniture. Very still, her ballet boots delicately pointed, she doesn't spill a drop. She wears his ink and steel in her flesh with pride just like she worships his cock. Perched en pointe with her wrists up behind her she can still take his meat all the way down. He occasionally tightens the cruel spiked training clamp. Alexxa just likes the way hurting her with it gets him harder.

Forbidden to pee without permission, Alexxa's bladder is achingly full when Lee fucks her from behind. She has to choose between begging for the glass and begging to come. Lee generously permits both in succession, Alexxa coming before he lets her squat and stream while he whacks her pierced tits with the crop. Alexxa pays for the privilege with a fusillade of paddle poundings to her backside as she lies on the stone again. Time to use her for her real purpose in life. Lee takes his time in her cunt before sliding effortlessly into Alexxa's well-schooled anus. Her slick, well-greased tunnel grips him tightly with every stroke. She knows the end will be something cruel and unexpected, like heavy chains, crushing nip clamps and a dental gag to hold her mouth wide open while he finishes there, glazing her entire face. Great slave that she is, she suffers for her Master's sins.







The minor fall








the major lift





















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...AS AN ADDED BONUS, ITEM 56 TOOK TRAINING IN BELLY DANCING. A GOOD STRONG CUMMER TOO. FULLY TESTED ON THE PREMISES...
76
...WE HAVE A NOTE ON ITEM 32 FILE: 'A FEISTY ONE, ONLY RECOMMENDED FOR DISCERNING MASTERS WITH THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT TO BREAK HER IN."
THIS COUNTRY IS RECOVERING AT LAST. YES... I'M PROUD OF MY COUNTRY!
...I BET THIS ONE'S GONNA GET A ROUGH SHAG TONIGHT... OR SOMETHING WORSE. REMEMBER, FOLKS, NOBODY CAN BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR WHAT'S DONE TO PRIVATE PROPERTY!
CONTINUED
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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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If you think mid-summer is hot enough already, just wait until you check out our sizzling lineup of fabulously pervy pretties and all the kinky predicaments they get themselves in. And you won't want to miss our sage advice for the BDSM-inclined, our torrid fiction, our thoroughly depraved graphic novel strip and our ongoing coverage of the dom/sub demimonde. It may be hotter than hell outside, but within our covers there's a stygian underworld that never cools down.



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